

# FRESHMEN PROMINENT THIS WEEK

## Enquiring Reporter Discovers Varsity Radio Hours Popular

### PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS APPROVE OF BROADCASTS

#### Advocate Repetition This Year

Do you remember? It was a Friday night. You had your radio tuned in to CFRN, and the playing of the Varsity Song ushered in the First Radio Hour. Of course you enjoyed it, because it was a Varsity program.

The program was announced and put on entirely by students. For an hour students played and sang and entertained, much to the enjoyment of their fellow students as well as to themselves.

Why shouldn't we try a Varsity Hour this year? There is plenty of talent. After such a successful venture last year it should be very easy to organize such a program this year. Are people in favor of it?

To answer this question, the question was asked various people on the campus: "What do you think of the Varsity Radio Hour this year?"

Dean Alexander: "An excellent form of bringing the Varsity before the public showing the diversity of talent. It seems to show a more human aspect of a University. The material must be of the best quality. A good announcer is essential. Speaking of announcing, is it possible for the announcer to give some idea of the person performing? Why not give the course and year with any other qualifications the student may have?"

Ella Murray, on her way to lunch, replied: "I listened in to them. I enjoyed the singing very much. To me it would appear to be a very good source of finding talent."

Ellen Tatham, at Tuck, replied: "It would be a very good idea to have skits or short radio plays."

Brother Memoriam: "A radio program sponsored by the University students should be of a high calibre. Such a program is of great benefit in that parents and friends are able to hear student activities."

Wandering back to Tuck, we found Cecil Tredger, Sheila Morrison and Margaret Rea draped around a table.

Marg refused to talk. Sheila stated: "It's a good idea—we'd know who to ask on a party. Of course, we'd like to have stage attractions, because you know that it is impossible for one to show off her vivid personality over the air."

Cecil confessed: "It happens to be the only program I ever listened to over a local station."

And so we left them still at Tuck. Invading the Library, we came upon Harry Sparks. After due consideration, he replied: "A certain element will not listen to the program, but people will know that something is being done. I suggest a balanced program."

Freda McKinnon looked worried, so we asked her the question anyway. She replied: "A splendid idea. How about a skit on Varsity life? Try to inject a little humor. Get away from just another radio program, because it is a Varsity Hour, you know!"

We began to wonder how the people taking part enjoyed putting them on, so we asked James Saks: "It was great fun taking part. There should be more people taking part, because I'm sure that the group was not representative of the talent here."

You see, people are in favor of the Hour. If the program is resumed it would appear that some members of the student body will have to turn playwright. Maybe you are a born playwright, but haven't had a chance to try your wings. This may be your chance. Think it over.

### MIDNIGHT LIGHTS ENABLE PLANTS TO SPEED GROWTH

Solved!

A solution for the mysterious burning of the midnight lights in the greenhouses behind Pembina Hall has been unearthed by a courageous Gateway reporter who, certainly not an agricultural expert, braved the pitting grins of three professors before one was able to see that the scribe wasn't trying to be funny.

Contrary to popular opinion, the burning lights are not due to a slip on the part of a sleepy night-watchman, nor are they lit to accommodate Pembinites trying to sneak in the back door after six-thirty. They are simply to lengthen the short winter day, and thus enable the curious plant specimens to speed up their growth.

This double day permits a semi-annual harvest of the various plants, in place of a single yearly growth, and thus is a great boon to soils and field crops experimental work.

Furthermore, the night lights serve no purpose whatever in the eyes of the entomology department. Rumors of all-night plant-like parties are entirely unfounded.

### FORUM UNSETTLED ON ELIMINATION OF PROFIT URGE

#### Audience Divided

Whether the elimination of the profit motive would paralyze industry was undecided Thursday night, although strongly contended by S. Epstein and L. Ingle. A. Dechane and C. Hurst upheld the negative, but neither team was able to swing the audience, which nearly filled the Common Room, for all their forensic vehemence.

Mr. Epstein, first speaker of the evening, pointed out that the profit motive was indissolubly bound up with the monetary dollar which, he contended, was the measure of success in our system today. He quoted Stephen Leacock at length to substantiate his declarations, and took Henry "V8" Ford as an example of what one man, actuated by the profit motive, had done for the world.

Mr. Dechane, who followed, led his audience into the realms of art and science, and discoursed in detail on the motives which moved their inhabitants. He pointed out that the primary urge was to produce something worth while, and that men in these fields were often "actuated by a desire to perpetuate their memory."

Mr. Ingle renewed the arguments in support of the resolution, and with frequent references to the economic writings of Hendricks and Ruskin, brought into prominence the futility of making efforts to alter human nature, and so endeavored to convince the forum of the impractical nature of all other motives.

The last speaker of the evening, Mr. Hurst, argued for a substitution of the co-operative system, throwing light upon the evils of the profit motive and pointing out the superior merit of the alternative he presented.

Speakers from the floor entered into the discussion with alacrity, and after stirring and fiery rebuttal the audience, when a standing vote was taken, proved to be equally divided. So, apparently taking the stand, somewhat apathetically, "that although all theories were interesting, nothing could be decided," the chairman declared a draw.

### COMMERCE CLUB LUNCHEON

The Commerce Club will hold their next luncheon meeting on Monday, Nov. 16th, at 12:30 p.m., in the Rainbow Room of the Varsity Tuck Shop. The speaker will be Mr. John Blue, secretary-manager of the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce. His topic will be "The Seven Lamps of Success." Mr. Blue is a well-known and outstanding speaker, and will undoubtedly hold your interest from start to finish.

Anybody and everybody is welcome at this luncheon. Tickets may be obtained from any member of the Commerce Club executive, or at the door.

### ANCIENT CAMPUS FEUD RENEWED

#### Engineers Battle Meds Over Possession of Crest

In the early hours of Friday morning the wideawake Engineers caught the Med students napping.

A small group of Engineers, well equipped to carry out their daring plans, appeared from nowhere and descended upon the Medical building. Slowly and surely a long ladder was raised to the central panel of the east amphitheatre. Climbing to the dizzy heights, one of the members spread the crest of the Engineers on the wall and descended. The ladder was swiftly withdrawn, and the group disappeared.

And so the long dormant feud between the slide-rule slingers and scalpel wielders flared up again.

But the Meds got their own back. They promptly removed the sign from the amphitheatre and hung it from a third floor window.

As The Gateway went to press, Engineers were planning an attack on the Medicals' stronghold to recover their property.

#### BULLETIN

Wildest and bloodiest battle witnessed on the University of Alberta campus since the old days of the famous Engineer-Medical battles of the 'twenties, broke out at two o'clock this afternoon. Smarting under the indignity of having their banner seized by the Meds, over two hundred husky scientists organized their forces and invaded the Medical building, where afternoon labs were just getting under way. Medical students had evidently expected something of the kind, for the scientists found the defenders of the building well prepared with eggs and fire-hoses. In spite of the well-prepared defence, the Engineers managed to fight their way to the third floor of the building, where wild battles ensued as they tried to break into the anatomy labs, where the stolen banner was displayed.

Braving perils comparable to those experienced by the newsmen covering the siege of Madrid, members of The Gateway staff entered the Medical building, only to encounter a torrent of muddy water pouring down the stairs from the scene of battle above. Working their way up the stairs in the west end of the building, which was comparatively unaffected by the battle, the representatives of the press managed to gain the top floor of the building, where the major battle of the campaign was raging.

The entire floor of the third floor main corridor, which runs from end to end of the building, was spattered with the remains of eggs which had been thrown in the earlier stages of the fight. A fierce fight was raging in the entire east end of the third floor, as Engineers battled at the door of the lab in which their banner was hidden. Several times the newsmen were forced to take refuge behind projections in the wall as the tide of battle surged up and down the corridor past them. Panting, water-soaked students, many of them sporting egg stains on their clothing, and many more with half of their clothing torn off, rushed up and down the corridor seeking fresh adversaries.

Dean Rankin, of the Faculty of Medicine, brought a temporary truce to the war at 2:20, when he ordered all Science students out of the building. The Engineers retired in triumph, however. Their invasion of the building had regained for them the banner which had been the original cause of the battle. At time of going to press the stained and torn flag adorns the chimney of the power plant, stronghold of the Engineers. Reprisals on the part of the Medical students are rumored impending on the occasion of the annual Engineers' Banquet, which takes place tonight.

### PARADISE GATES WILL BE OPENED TO LUCKY ONES

Saturday night will undoubtedly be the most heavenly that was ever seen in Athabasca Hall. The Sophomore Reception promises, from every viewpoint, to be simply divine.

Never before have undergrads here had the opportunity of slipping quietly into paradise by the back-door and spending an evening among the angels and cherubs. To be on the inside looking out, to see planets and stars and moons through the front door of heaven, to dance among angels and archangels—this is the heritage of those fortunate people who were able to get tickets.

Milt Edwards and his orchestra will be literally sitting in the clouds. We saw Milt at church last Sunday night trying to get the right atmosphere. In one corner, supported by a bank of clouds, there will be tall glasses of Jove's nectar and as all things in heaven, the supply will be endless.

The back-door of heaven will open at the sound of Gabriel Edwards' horn at 8:30, there will be a rush of wings, a parting of the clouds, and heaven comes to earth for a few short hours.

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### Receives Appointment



DR. EDOUARD SONET  
M.A., D-es-L.

Newly-appointed head of the Department of Modern Languages, who is filling the position left vacant when Dr. Kerr was appointed President of this University.

### Basketball League Scheduled to Start

#### Resident Students Should Take Part

House league basketball starts next week. Practices will be held Tuesday and Thursday from 7:00 to 8:30 p.m., which should be long enough to learn which way to run with the ball. Scheduled games will be beginning the following week at the same hour and in the same place—the Upper Gym.

We anticipate a good league. Marg Stone of the Nurses has been inquiring every other day. Pembina should be well represented this year; so should the Tri Deltas. And who knows, the Pi Phi may have two or three teams. And how about the overtown girls? If you'd like to organize a team, get in touch with Belva Bailey, house league manager.

Don't worry if you're not a basketball whiz—you will be before the season's over. We have a good coach, a cup to play for, and a long winter to play in, so—all out!

#### I. V. C. F.

The Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship wishes to announce that a weekly discussion, centred on practical issues and aspects of the Christian life, will be held in St. Joseph's Lounge. It is proposed to deal with topics of personal significance, as we believe Christ is solely interested in the individual and his or her problems.

It has been tentatively arranged to have these informal chats every Tuesday at 4:30 in St. Joseph's Lounge. Discussion topics will be announced well in advance.

We wish to acknowledge the kindness of St. Joseph's College in allowing us the use of their facilities.

## ELECTIONS FRIDAY, GUESTS AT RECEPTION ON SATURDAY

Campaign Speeches Conclude Thursday at Meeting

#### EXCITEMENT HIGH

#### Sophomores Invite Frosh Into Heaven

An encouraging turnout of over 120 for the Freshman election speeches groaned as Chairman Oliver Tomkins announced that the nominations at hand called for 22 speeches. His following announcement that speeches for presidential nominees would be limited to three minutes and two minutes for all other candidates correspondingly brought cheers and clapping.

Practically promising a Freshman Utopia, the prospective presidents proved able politicians, and had their audience wondering whether it would not be better to put them all in and reap the bountiful harvest. Dangling tempting baits before the poor — well, before their classmates—the speakers promised bigger and better Frosh dance, sleigh ride in two weeks, sleigh ride in one week, fostering of college spirit, emancipation of Pembinites, elevation of Freshman caste in social scheme, and for the most part they were not bashful in proclaiming their previous achievements. For president: Pat Graham, Don McDaniels, Fred Prichard, Colin Ross.

Following tradition, all five nominees for vice-president were Freshettes. Their qualifications included beauty, co-operation with the president, previous experience, in one case from title of fattest baby in the baby show to officehip in C.G.I.T., and a promise to look after the president. For vice-president: Ruth Forster, Marian Glenwright, Kay Jackson, Muriel Pettigrew, Norma Smith.

Three "cold" men of business offered to sacrifice themselves to the task of keeping Freshie funds and minutes where they could be found. Campaign promises included co-operation with executive, a probe into where the thirty odd dollars of Freshmen money evaporated, and no dividends. For secretary-treasurer: Jack Bryan, Bruce Keith and Bill Egbert.

Ten names, the possessors of two not appearing, were in the lists for the three executive positions. Platform planks were: More feminine representation, less feminine representation, co-operation, sports promotion, experience, and in one case, "anything." For executive: Esther Carpenter, Francis Fulton, Iris Grigg, Fred Bentley, Douglas Buchanan, Jack Ellis, Wm. Ireland, Sam Muskovich, Arthur O'Hanlon, Jean

### FOREIGN TREES ADORN CAMPUS

#### Planted 1895

By Virginia Hamblet  
MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY, Missoula, Montana, Nov. 12—(Special to The Gateway)—Trees representing 37 varieties from many sections in the United States and several foreign countries, some of which were cared for by the city fire department from 1895 to 1897, adorn the State University campus.

One of the most abundant species is the elm which forms a double border along the drive around the campus oval. It is not commonly known that the avenue of poplars across the front of the campus once extended back to Mount Sentinel on both sides of the original university site. These trees were planted in 1895 on the first campus Arbor Day, held under the auspices of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce. Every society, lodge and organization as well as each member of the faculty and many other individuals planted a tree.

On another campus drive pines were planted in memory of men and women students who gave their lives in the World War. Wooden markers were first used for the names, but were replaced with bronze.

At one side of the main entrance to the campus is the "senior bench," a class memorial, within the shade of several immense poplars. In keeping with an old campus tradition, only seniors are allowed to sit on this bench.

In the corner of the northwest entrance is Aber grove of Douglas firs and Engelmann spruce, sheltering the memorial to "Daddy" Aber, beloved professor, who died several years ago. It was his pride in the university landscaping that makes the campus the beautiful place it is today.

#### NOTICE

All non-resident students who took part in the snake dance on Sunday evening, Nov. 8, are requested to attend a meeting in Med 142 on Monday, Nov. 16.

Paethorpe. Maybe on the principle that next year the upper class elections will be in their usual dormant state, the Frosh made the most of their opportunity, and demonstrated that heckling was really an art. The sugar-coated candy plum, should go to the gentleman who, when one young lady stated that she was fitted for the position, exclaimed, "Boy what a big fit!"

### WHALEBONES ARE OBJECTS OF ART

#### Appear in Brilliant Colors On Armistice Day

Wednesday morning those notorious whalebones were found to be tastefully painted green and gold.

The persons who perpetrated this act are sadly lacking in consideration for some of their fellow beings on the campus, namely, reporters. Jabberwock, it seems, by a mere mention of these bones has made the whole campus whalebone-conscious. A few weeks later these bones made the front page when some campus pranksters moved them across the entrance to the then sacred portals of Pembina, where man had never entered. Publicity by the barrel-full, copy by the yard, the bones by the Med Building! And now when some humorous stude paints the things green and gold some luckless scribe must hear an editor say, "Give me a write-up on those whalebones, something new, something good, something different," and the last bit of marrow was wrung from these bones weeks ago.

Shall I rant, as is the custom, of the student spirit that is shown by such an act, and thereby attempt to prove that the aforesaid spirit is not dead? Shall I deplore the action? No, the students want whalebones, the editor wants whalebones—what is a mere reporter in a case like this. Take it away!

### STUDENTS FAIL TO APOLOGIZE

#### Register Still Unreturned

Resident students apparently do not believe that Miss Dodd and the Pembinites are due an apology for last Sunday night's escapade.

The House Committee suggested that such an apology would be only proper. The idea was also approved by Dr. MacEachran. As a result a form was drawn up on which students wishing to make amends for their actions, were to place their names. This form was then hung in Athabasca rotunda. However, the distorted sense of humor of some of the students has resulted in the cancelling of the whole idea. These students, instead of signing their proper names, signed such foolish ones as Lotta Funn, Willie Willis, and so on.

This ends the efforts of the House Committee to settle the trouble between the men students and the authorities. When interviewed, the head of the House Committee said that further action would rest with Dr. MacEachran.

And to add insult to injury, the signing-out register which was taken from Pembina Hall Sunday night has not yet been returned. This one contention at least might be easily settled. If the student or students who have the book are afraid to return it themselves, they at least might put it in some noticeable place where it would be found.

Come, you student readers, think this matter over.



Don Torrie pulling down placards at the Empress.

Gerald Hutchinson coming out of the Scandinavian Hall.

Mouser, the Pi Phi cat, is expecting again—maybe it will be quintuplets.



Friday, Nov. 13—

The 5-mile cross-country race for the Kerr Trophy at 3:00 p.m.

Saturday, Nov. 14—

Interfac rugby final between the Engineers and the Arts-Ag-Com-Law team at 1:30 p.m., on the Varsity Grid.

Monday, Nov. 16—

Commerce Club Luncheon in Big Tuck at 12:30 noon. Mr. John Blue, Secretary of the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce, will speak.



## THE GATEWAY



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## VARSITY RADIO HOURS

At a regular meeting of the Students' Council held several weeks ago, a proposal presented to Council by the leader of the Varsity dance orchestra to present a series of four radio broadcasts featuring student talent of the University over a local radio station was voted down by members of the Council.

Since then a committee has been set up by Council to investigate the possibility of staging such a series of programs. The committee will report to the next regular meeting of Council.

There is no question of the value of such programs to the University. Last year, staged under the auspices of the now defunct student department of Public Relations, two such broadcasts were highly successful. According to officials of the radio station over which they were presented, they were one of the most successful ventures ever attempted by that station, while comment of University officials revealed that they were highly pleased by the program.

It is interesting to note that during the past summer a radio night was held by the summer students of the University direct from Convocation Hall over the same Edmonton radio station. The hall was packed to the doors for the occasion, while the broadcast was generally conceded to have been one of the finest ever presented in this city featuring amateur talent.

If the radio nights materialize as far as the University is concerned, and there is no reason why they shouldn't, there is a distinct possibility of holding the broadcasts direct from the stage of Convocation Hall, while an admission charge of five or ten cents per person could be made to defray the costs of renting the necessary telephone lines to connect the radio studio to Convocation Hall. There is not much doubt but what, with the proper advertising, the hall would be packed to the limit for such a program.

Council should investigate every angle of the radio situation before taking any action on the problem. There is no doubt but what the broadcasts are of extreme value to the University as a whole, both publicizing the institution in addition to bringing it before the eyes of the province as a "going concern."

Entire student body will be watching action of the Council on this point with great interest.

## ARMISTICE AND THE UNIVERSITY

Eighteen years ago last Wednesday a pact was signed which brought peace to a war-torn world. Nations paused in their fighting, and then the roar of cannon and rattle of rifle fire had died away, they counted their dead.

Eighty-two of the many thousands of Canadians killed during the world war carried with them the honor and glory of the University of Alberta.

Four hundred and seventy-five students and professors answered the call to arms during those four years of death and destruction, and one-fifth of their number remained in France, where they had died in battle.

It seems only fitting that the University should commemorate the names of these dead and do respect to their honor at a time when the whole world honors the men who fought and died in the Great War.

To most students last Wednesday was just another day when they did not have to attend lectures, but a few, all too small a number, realized the duty and even privilege that was theirs to attend Armistice Day services.

Convocation Hall was the scene of one of many similar services, when Professor L. H. Nichols, of the Department of Physics, himself a returned soldier, presented an organ recital on the Memorial Organ, installed by members of the faculty and the University as a permanent memorial to those University



By J. J. Stewart

Good evening, folks!

"John, are you still playing with that knife?"  
"No, mother."  
"Have you got it?"  
"No, mother."  
"Who has it?"  
"Grandpaw."  
"What's he doing with it?"  
"Nuthin'. I stuck it in his back."

Heard in a Latin class: "Caesar made several sallies from Rome." . . . And him a married man, too—Exchange.

Casper—May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home.  
Freshette—But I'm not experienced.  
Casper—No, but you're not home yet, either.

An artist was expounding the intricacies of an oil painting at an exhibit. "That is a cow grazing," he began.

"Then where is the grass?" asked the novice.  
"She's eaten it all," replied the painted.  
"Then where is the cow?"  
"You don't think she would such a damned fool as to stay there when she had eaten all the grass, do you?"  
(Gotta keep it clean.)

Mary had a little watch,  
She swallowed it one day;  
And now she's taking Epsom salts,  
To pass the time away.  
(Thanks to Bob Lee.)

The weather certainly is quite a problem these days. Just the other day we were talking to Massa Finklestein, who agreed, saying: "Uh, huh. One day it's hot and the next is cold. A guy never knows what to pawn."

His father told him of a teacher who asked a child, "What is God?" in the course of a religious discussion. The child could not answer. With a resounding smack on the head of the boy, he yelled: "I told you yesterday. God is love, you little devil!"

"What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"  
"I don't remember. I think it was checked."  
"Boy! What a party that must have been!"

Quack—I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, what is stronger than a mother's love? You all know there's nothing stronger—that is, except father's breath.

Gordon Buchanan has asked us to insert the following: "I want to thank the intelligent, honest and upright voters, 96 in number, who cast their ballots for me. The 2,321 who cast their ballots against me can go jump in the lake."

Mother—You know, darling, daughter is 17 years now—so I had a frank discussion with her about the facts of life.  
Father—Huh. Learn anything?

One Meyer Berger, reporter for the N.Y. Times, in reporting the famous Dutch Schultz case, referred to Schultz as a "pushover" for blondes. When Dutch met Berger he expressed his displeasure over the remark.

"But you are a pushover for blondes, aren't you?"  
"Sure," answered Schultz, "but all men are."  
"Then what are you disappointed at?"  
"My disappointment is that the Times should use such language," answered Schultz.

men who fought for their country.

The recital, an annual affair, was well attended by students and professors, and the music played was very fitting for the occasion.

Maybe students have pondered over the long lists of names appearing on the walls of the hallway outside Convocation Hall. It is the honor roll of the University of Alberta, and on it are the names of all representatives of the University who were overseas. It was their names that University students gathered to honor on Wednesday last.

## EDITORIAL SQUIBS

Most interest is being shown in the Freshman class elections this year than has been shown in the annual affair over a period of several years. All of which augurs well for the success of Class '40 during the next few years at the University.

Speaking of elections, the Edmonton civic battle held yesterday created considerable interest in the University. Numerous dollars changed hands last night as the result of the outcome.

Apparently The Gateway news broadcasts are meeting with favorable comment over the entire province judging by the number of letters that have been received by the University radio station.

## A ROUND THE CLOCK

By OLD TIMER

THE esteem in which Dr. Allan Roy Dafee is held throughout the world was demonstrated again this week on the occasion of his visit to the city of Chicago. Every winter Dr. Dafee takes the opportunity to visit civilization after spending a year healing the sick and injured, among other things, in the wilds of Northern Ontario. His habit has been in the past to visit New York, but this year he altered his plans and is spending his vacation in the Windy City. In attempting to see all Chicago's points of interest, he paid a casual call to the Board of Trade's magnificent edifice situated in the heart of downtown Chicago. The Chicago Board of Trade is the world's largest produce exchange, and unlike the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, which handles trading in grain crops only, the Chicago Exchange handles many other items of farm produce. As the famous Canadian doctor entered the main trading room, hundreds of salesmen, clerks and speculators ceased their activity and gave him a rousing reception of loud and hearty cheers. Great men of the world of politics and finance have visited the trading room of the Board of Trade, but never before in its history has trading stopped because of their presence.

THE bedlam of trading in one of the great grain exchanges is something which cannot be imagined, but must be seen and heard to be appreciated. The Grain Exchange at Winnipeg handles the sale and purchase of the entire grain crop of Canada. The wheat crop alone varies from two to four hundred million bushels a year. Elevator line companies, which are responsible for the purchase of the crop from the farmers, have private

wire connections right into the trading room, as have the brokerage companies. The elevator companies must avoid possibilities of rise or fall in prices and a consequent loss to them, and therefore their local agents telegraph reports of their daily purchases to the head office if they are in excess of five hundred bushels. This gives the company an opportunity to sell the grain as soon as it is purchased or to hedge against possible declines in prices. Sales and purchases are carried on in what is called the "pit," which is a saucer-shaped platform situated in the middle of the floor. Transactions are carried on in thousand bushel lots. All those interested have representatives on the floor, and when a sale or purchase is to be made the representative enters the pit. In the event of a sale, the salesman holds up his hand, palm outwards and with fingers outstretched, indicating the number of thousands of bushels which he is offering. He shouts the category of the grain he is selling, such as May futures or in store Fort William, and the price. A prospective buyer, catching his signal, holds up his hand with palm inwards and fingers outstretched, indicating the number of thousands of bushels he is willing to buy.

AT the nod of the head the sale is closed, and the record of the sale is kept by clerks in the employ of the Grain Exchange. At the close of the day the transactions are taken to a central clearing house and the records close. The price of each individual sale goes out over the private wires of the brokerage concerns to their offices in Western Canada, and by this means price fluctuations are available throughout the west almost as quickly as they occur.

## Correspondence

University of Alberta,  
November 8, 1936.  
To Mr. Jabberwock

It seems that every year about this time some inspiring young writer, for lack of something to write about, turns to condemning something he knows nothing about, and demands the abolishment of the C.O.T.C.

Mr. Jabberwock, you have entirely the wrong conception. We in the C.O.T.C. are not training as "killers," as you put it. We are merely placing ourselves in a position where, if worst did come to worst and our country were again faced with a war, we would have among us some men previously trained in the arts of war to act as instructors and leaders of such red-blooded men who might see fit to protect our country against invasion.

Thus we are really training to save life, rather than destroy it. Some of the greatest massacres in history were caused when an army of untrained men, led by untrained officers, marched into a trap. We of the Canadian Officers Training Corps simply learn how to prevent such catastrophes, and thus prevent any unnecessary loss of life.

Do you imagine that sitting behind a machine-gun capable of chattering out 700 death tickets every minute makes one want to go to war? It has the opposite effect on me. It gives me an even greater dread of the time when God forbid that I ever see it—when men will again be called on to fight men they have nothing against, and the world will be plunged once more into the chaos of war.

We don't want war regardless of what you, as an outsider, may think. We merely want to fit ourselves for the responsibility of leading our men if it should ever be necessary. Isn't that common sense? Shouldn't a University trained mind be the leader in troubled times? Or would you, as a conscripted soldier, rather be led by someone untrained in the arts of leadership of men, and the protection of his men from the enemy?

So much for the purpose of the C.O.T.C. And now to answer a few of your insulting remarks. First, the uniform question. Two years ago the Department of National Defense looked over the War Office exam results and saw good old U. of A. away ahead of all the rest. They decided a present was in order, and so the new uniforms were sent to us. They are officers' style uniforms, tailored from the best material, and each cost the government much more than you or I ever pay for a good suit. How you, Mr. Jabberwock, can see them as misfitting as you say, is beyond me. Maybe you should take another look.

And now the money question. As you have probably heard, we no longer get paid for our services. This is, in some ways, a good thing. It cuts out a lot of undesirables who would go into it, as you say, to get some good hard cash for a few hours loafing rather than for the good they can get out of it. But now the boys in the unit are those who firmly believe that they can, in some way, better themselves mentally, physically and morally by this association, and get a broader education than is otherwise possible.

And so, to conclude, let me say that I am glad that everyone around the campus has not your outlook. We of the Alberta Contingent of the C.O.T.C. are proud of our unit—we are proud of our record, of our instructors and leaders, and of our

purposes—to prepare ourselves to serve our country if it should ever have to call; to learn to conduct ourselves as "officers and gentlemen"; and to learn to become leaders of men, not only along military lines, but in our future life after the doors of Convocation Hall have closed behind us for the last time!  
J. D. WALLACE.

Editor, The Gateway.

Once upon a time our University used to be the scene of many an affair which seems to be characteristic of "college spirit." Freshmen were hazed, and they wrote home proudly of their ordeals and ability to "take it." Sophs, Juniors and Seniors were proud of their ability to "give it." Many foreheads were creased or wrinkled in devising new methods of introducing the Freshman to University life. For quite a number of years the Frosh came, ready, even if not willing, to humor the upper classes in any way possible. I have heard rumors that their co-operation was appreciated and made the most of.

However, an unfortunate occurrence in 1932 brought to a close the reign of terror, characteristic of most universities. Initiation became a serious offense. For four years our University behaved like an orderly high school. Everything was serene. The Freshman sent in his registration, was accepted, and entered into University life without a struggle.

No longer was there a spirit of defiance, no longer did the students rave about in groups as a protective measure. Initiation was no more, so why worry about passing upper classmen in the evenings. They were entirely harmless. Yes, the veteran student's prestige took a drop from which it has not yet recovered.

The long and short of it is that the "college spirit" was gone. Any person attending the football rallies of the last two years must have noticed that something was lacking. A winning team has no trouble in getting support. The losing team needs the moral support of a student body which has a "fighting spirit," which is "never say die."

Sunday evening is one which should be remembered by the University students, and also by the house committee. After a four-year period of decadence, the "stuff" of which University life should be partly composed finally became evident. Once again the students got together and fought for the honor of the green and gold—and quite successfully.

On Monday night, however, the spirit of the males was still too weak to help Miss Pembina, who from behind locked doors cried "I want out." Give it time, and who can tell—maybe Miss Pembina will be released by those whose spirits have finally been nurtured to the point where a woman in distress will be saved, and the Freshman will be shaved. Who knows—who knows?  
EDDIE KIERLYUK.

November 11.

Dear Sir,—I notice in the latest Gateway an article in the column called the Jabberwock over the signatures of X, which I can only suppose to have been written in a spirit of facetiousness. In a previous article he decryed the C.O.T.C. with ill-thought-out invective and in rather bad taste, seeing that it has recently given the Students' Union a large contribution towards a building fund, but his ideas in this article

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have at least a modicum of sense, and the problem is debatable.

But when he cries "Down with Democracy," the answers to him are so numerous and obvious as hardly to need saying. I almost wonder if it is worth while arguing with him, wrapped as he is in what he probably supposes is intellectual independence, but what is in reality only reactionary crabbedness.

When he takes as his examples the democracies that have obviously failed, he has an easy time showing the bad points in popular rule, but when he comes to speak of the democracies that any one with any insight would say have succeeded admirably, he is very hard put to it to prove either that they are not democratic or that they will sooner or later come to a bad end. He asserts that any new party has a difficult time breaking into the political field. I wonder if he remembers that S.C. is a very new party, and as he points out in another connection, it certainly has not only broken into the picture, but almost completely covers the canvas. It might also be advisable to remind him that the Labor party in England only a few years ago was an utterly negligible factor in politics, and today no one, not even the rampaging Jabberwock, can deny that it has much power in that country. Plainly when he jabbers about new parties he is talking right through his be-filled felt fedora.

Again he takes to himself a knowledge of the motives of the men who not so long ago fought for suffrage. How does he know why men wanted political freedom? Where did he get the weird idea that the people of this country are crying for a tyrant, however beneficent? He, if he desires to live the life of a cog in a machine, should go to Hitler's Germany or to Italy under Mussolini. The very idea of dictators is repugnant to the Anglo-Saxon mind, and I am sure I am speaking for the vast majority of the people of North America and Great Britain when I say we do not want to live under the dictatorial tyranny of one man, be he ever so clever and kind.

The kind of ravings in which the Jabberwock indulges is only a symptom of the unrest of the day, and before we can settle down to normal again this sort of thing must stop. If, however, he wrote that article as a sort of joke, I admit that I have bitten hard, but would say that I consider it to be in very bad taste indeed.

Yours,  
MARTHA CASTON.

AS USUAL

Ye hoary halls of hooley  
Have called us back again,  
With refills in each notebook,  
And ink in every pen.

Each one to win a scholarship  
A solemn vow he took,  
So hie us to the library  
At once to get a book.

Now every one was shaky  
Those gloomy days last May,  
So let's get down to study  
And next year get an "A".

But there's my old friend Jackson,  
And there the Smithers girls  
(It's Katy with the chassis  
And Effie with the curls).

So on our way to Abie's,  
Oh Bacchus! Bring us wine!  
There'll be no books for us today  
For Auld Lang Syne.

But when the robin pipes his song  
And calls, "Why this is Spring!"  
With final papers close at hand,  
We'll wish like everything

That we had worked that first Fall  
day  
And not to Abie's hurried.  
(If we'd even worked one day a  
week  
We would not be so worried.)

And so we soak our studies up,  
In April and in May,  
And graduation day for us  
Is farther yet away.

Learn to work with others! Remember the banana—every time it leaves the bunch it gets skinned.—The American Boy.

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## -: JABBERWOCK :-

Since all the fuss about those chunks of bone was started in a humble way by the Jabberwock, and since now something has been done about them, it is very desirable for the patience of all that he should end the subject with the below grovelling plea for forgiveness for having brought the thing to the fore in the first place.

**An Apology for Making the University Whale-conscious**  
From out my vast anthology Of rhymes ununderstandable, I pick this meek apology, For mentioning the mandible.

I'm sorry that the mass of drones Buzzed on about the massive bones. I criticized ingratitude. But now I know this attitude Is boring as a platitude. And see it was far drabber talk Than suits a wise old Jabberwock.

The Jabberwock offers no excuse for the following except that he was feeling sick and had to get rid of it.

**On the Everlasting Search for the Ideal**

The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, Is seeking tender female game— Is there a girl who will not smoke His cigarettes when he is broke? Is there a girl who deigns to sit And listen to his priceless wit? Is there a girl who never jeers

At the sad results of thirty beers? Is there a girl with wavy hair Who keeps a well-lined Frigidaire? A maiden with a form divine Whose father has a stock of wine? The Jabberwock when old and lame Will still be seeking female game.

**Love's Labours Lost**  
I pity (I do not know why) The maidens modest, timid, shy, Who don't spare color for the males On brightly painted finger nails. On lips the lipstick's matched in dyes

To blue and purple shadowed eyes, And through their black and lengthened lashes A glance of pseudo-glamour passes. By rouge their cheeks for ever blush

As if they had been reading Hush. But powder keeps their dainty noses From looking like a bed of roses. Perfume permeates the air To keep the boy friend well aware That exotic beauty's there. Behind the powder, rouge and paint May lurk a sea-hag or a saint.

**How Boring**

One of the reasons why so many people are bored is because only the people who are interesting meet interesting people.

But if the interesting people met only the bored people, then they would be bored too, and we would have no interesting people.

But if the bored people met only interesting people, then they would cease to be bored, and we would only have interesting people.

But if the interesting—oh, well, you figure it out.—California Daily.

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## Former Wauneita President Refutes Idea That Society Has Outlived Usefulness

By Flora McLeod

(Former President of the Wauneita Society)

As a result of The Gateway Survey undertaken last week, it was discovered that more than half the members of the Wauneita Society are unaware of its purpose, and this makes your reporter wonder if perhaps that society has outworn its usefulness.

It is certainly true that it is a much more unwieldy affair than when those first Wauneitas banded together twenty-five years ago to uphold their rights among an overwhelming number of males. Their motto was, and still is, "Payuk uche Kukeyou, Kukeyou uche Payuk," meaning in the Cree language, "Each for all, and all for each." The name "Wauneita" means "kindly."

Although a large percentage of the co-eds interviewed did not know any of this, it does not mean that the Wauneita Society is altogether a failure. Ask the same people what the purpose of the University is, and you would probably have about the same percentage who could not figure out an answer. That would not prove that the University was not serving a purpose, nor do the results of the questionnaire show there is no good in the Wauneita Society.

Alberta Fortunate

Most universities have women's organizations. Alberta is particularly fortunate in having one with a colorful tradition behind it, and our traditions are too few for us to consider throwing any away without careful thought.

The Wauneita Society is something more than tradition. There is still a need for the women of the University to band together. The feeling of union is an intangible thing, but it is there to some extent in the Wauneita Society.

As far as practical work is concerned, the Wauneitas have made a very creditable job of managing the introduction of Freshettes every year since the end of initiation. They have done quite as well as the men—in fact, rather better. For instance, to take a small example, last year's executive, at the suggestion of the member who happens to be this year's president, gave Freshettes green and gold ribbons to wear their

first week so they should be able to recognize the women in their class. This year the men's committee gave all Freshmen large Freshie buttons to wear, and were hailed as innovators.

In a Gateway editorial it is written that the reason for the Wauneita's existence is evidently the Reception to Men. This is not quite true, of course, but even if it were, it would be a fairly good cause for existing. If there were no women's organization, this gracious gesture on the part of our sex would not be possible, and the very essence of being a lady is giving something for what she receives. It is to be admitted that many Wauneitas are giving in hopes of what they may receive, that they may be merely cinching an invitation to the Prom. The gesture, however, is still gracious.

Entertain Soldiers

The editor of The Gateway would not know of the banquet at which the tribe gathers without the annoyance of the male sex; he would not know of the hilarious time we have once a year at the Red Cross Hut, when the soldiers put up with our rather feeble entertainment.

It cannot be said that the Wauneita Society is actually failing in its purpose, but anyone who has worked in it will be forced to agree that it is somehow falling behind rather than going ahead.

It might be that women are progressing, taking their places as men's equals on the campus, and do not need a separate society. That would be pleasant to believe, but one has only to look about a little to see that it is not true. How many years is it since a woman was elected to a class or even for president of the Students' Union? Who, in living memory, ever heard a woman stand up and make a long speech in a Students' Union meeting? The sad part of it is that they do the small, underneath jobs cheerfully and efficiently, but they seem to have very little adventure in their souls.

Fraternities have been accused of spoiling the spirit of the Wauneita Society as well as University spirit in general. If this is to some extent true, it is because of selfishness of individuals rather than of a weakness of the group principle itself. Everyone, whether a fraternity member or not, has the problem to face whether he will be content with the precious intimacies of his small group only, or whether he will turn his attention outward to the University as a whole, whether he will be content with the small loyalty or whether he will supplement it by the larger one of which the smaller is a part. A non-fraternity member who denies this larger loyalty is just as selfish as a fraternity member who denies it. What the best fraternities often do is give their members the added encouragement to work in campus activities that people in an unorganized group might not get. Because of this, there is a regrettable tendency by fraternities to control politics.

Control Women Students

A well-functioning Wauneita Society could control this situation for women students. A non-fraternity candidate could have as well organized support as a fraternity woman; there might be a rule that a fraternity member's nomination sheet should have to be signed by people outside her own group; other groups might be formed to make a fairer proportion of students in fraternities. At any rate, these and like subjects could be aired. At present there is no opportunity for women students as a whole to have any sort of discussion.

What the society needs is a re-organization of its executive system. Under the present one there is an executive of seven, which, four or five times during the year, exerts itself with amazing and admirable vigor. If they bully, coax and advertise enough, the members of the executive will be able to have good crowds at their dance or banquet, or even at the two general meetings of the year if they can afford tea and cake. But, in spite of all the work that is done, hardly anyone outside the seven feel any real interest in the Wauneita Society because only the executive

have worked for it. If a system were drawn up which necessitated active interest from a greater number of people and less work from a small executive, the interest would automatically widen.

The work done at present may be divided into three sections: the introduction of Freshettes, entertainment, and a microscopic amount of something with a slightly philanthropic air about it. In each of these groups there is plenty of room for expansion. The committee for the introduction of Freshettes need not die at the end of three weeks—it could go on through the year working on next year's plans and acting as a special guide to Freshettes during the year. The entertainment of the Wauneita Society has been cut down gradually until there is very little left, but there could be plenty of work for a separate committee here. Contacts could be widened on one hand to meet the high school students who will be coming to University, and to make a strong bond between the Wauneitas and Alumnae on the other.

Possible Benefits

It would be fitting for the Wauneita Society to do some philanthropic work, or to work for definite objects for the University. Why not have a Wauneita scholarship or a Wauneita prize for the year's most outstanding woman on the campus? These are a few not thoroughly thought-out suggestions, but perhaps they show that there is enough work to have fifty people actively engaged rather than seven. Whatever change in organization should be made, it is most important of all to have more general meetings at which various details can be presented in relation to whole work of the society in the presence of all women who are interested.

There is plenty of work to be done which, at the same time, could be divided so that there was not a great deal for any small number of people; in doing this work the Wauneita Society will be fulfilling its purpose of uniting the women students and, most important of all, it will be working to make better citizens of the University.

**SPORTETTES**

By Ruth Hazlett

In retrieving the green and gold goal-post, Varsity co-eds had their share. At present it may be a little to their detriment, but the spirit shown was something that's been needed for a long time.

The incident, which no doubt had its ignominious side, also had its glorious one.

We hope no ill-feelings have been caused.

On Tuesday senior basketball is to get under way, with the picking of the girls' senior team. Coach Jake Jamieson is going to have a tough job on his hands, with all but one of last year's team back.

And on top of this a score of new girls who have already made a name for themselves in the basketball field.

Among whom are Mary Frost, Edith Ferguson and Mary McConkey. It looks like some great competition.

With the beginning of house league basketball next week, a lot more co-eds will be absorbed into sport activity. This favorite sport always claims those who want a little recreation, and not a great deal of honor.

It also greatly aids the waist-line and keeps one from getting that low feeling which does come—well, now and then.

Mild weather still—it does kinda burn you up if you're thinking of any winter sports. Hockey is being held up disgracefully, but maybe as we've been told—there's lots of time.

Till next March—or even April.

**THEATRE DIRECTORY**

STRAND THEATRE, Sat., Mon. Tues., Nov. 14, 16, 17—Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan at the Race Track."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Mon., Tues., Wed., Nov. 16, 17, 18—Katherine Hepburn and Fredric March in "Mary of Scotland."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Mon., Tues., Wed., Nov. 16, 17, 18—Paul Cavanagh in "Champagne Charlie"; Jean Muir in "White Fang."

RIALTO THEATRE, Nov. 14-17—"Jack of All Trades" with Jack Hulbert; "Ourselves Alone" with John Lodge, John Loder and Antoinette Cellier.

## COMPETITION KEEN IN BASKETBALL AS GIRLS GET INTO PLAYING TRIM

Co-eds in Fine Shape After Period of Pre-season Training

**MATERIAL PLENTIFUL**

Next Tuesday Coach Jake Jamieson will be sounding his first whistle, and the winter's season of basketball will be on. The first thing on the program will be picking the senior team, and that will be no easy job. There's plenty of material on hand, both from last year's team and a heap of new prospects along Freshette lines.

For several weeks past girl hoops have been training and recapturing the old shooting eye after a summer's vacation. Which means that Coach Jake Jamieson has a tough proposition ahead of him. With all the girls in trim condition, it will be no easy job to pick the best. But that, of course, will make things all the more interesting, and more promising for a good girls' senior team.

The team lost only one player through graduation last year, Amy Cogswell, last year's president of women's athletics; consequently all the girls from last year's team will be out again trying to regain their positions of last winter. Heading the list is Gay Ross, president of basketball for the second time. She makes a good little manager as well as a smart player. Gay has been on the team for the past two years, holding down the position of guard. She's one of Varsity's mainstays.

Irene Barnett—yes, Irene's at it again—having just completed a successful season in track activities. Irene is ready to tackle the old ball again. A member of Varsity's senior team for about the past four years now, this clever young forward is ready to offer her services again. She's good.

Cathy Rose—Last year was Cathy's first year playing on the Varsity lineup, and she showed her worth then as a defence player. She's

been getting a lot of shooting practice in the pre-season training, and Cathy ought to be a safe bet for the team.

Winnie Algar—This snappy young forward has also been one of Varsity's mainstays for the past few years. Winnie is small, but she certainly gets around. Unfortunately, Winnie is in the School of Education this year, and it is uncertain whether she'll be able to get out or not. For the good of the team, we hope so.

Jean Cogswell—Jean played on the team for the first time last year, and she'll be out trying to keep her old position again. If last season signifies anything, that won't be hard.

A little green chemist,  
On a summer day,  
Some chemicals mixed  
In a little green way;  
And now the green grasses  
Tenderly wave  
O'er the chemist's  
Green little grave.

—Auburn Plainsman.

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### Ex-University Hockey Star Receives A.H.A. Appointment

"Deepee" Excelled in Executive Capacity While at U. of A.

D. P. McDonald, Calgary lawyer, last week was named president of the Alberta Hockey Association. "Deepee," as he was familiarly known to all his associates at Varsity, graduated with his degree in Arts in 1925 and in Law in 1928. Throughout his academic career he had an outstanding record as a hockey player. For several years previous to graduation he proved the mainstay of the team with his brilliant work in the nets.

In an executive capacity, as well, he showed his merits, for at the beginning of the 1926-27 season he

was chosen as president of the Western Canada Intercollegiate Athletic Union. "Deepee" served with distinction, too, on the Students' Union executive as an athletic representative. No doubt the experience gained in like positions in later years placed him as the ablest man for the job as hockey president.

After leaving these halls of learning he played with numerous teams in the south of the province, his home. In the team ranks of the Bronks and the Drumheller Miners, time after time he brought his mates into the playoffs as a result of breathless and impossible saves he made in the nets.

Named as well on the executive, that for the northern zone, was Prof. W. G. Hardy, of the Department of Classics, who is, besides, first vice-president of the C.A.H.A., which meets next week in Regina.

In the discussion of the Association which dealt with the financial aspect of playoffs, Dr. Hardy explained the policy of rigid economy which has been adopted for the 1936-37 playoffs. They will be ordered with a view to reducing travel to a minimum and staging the games where they will pay the most. Series that look like certain financial losses will undoubtedly be cancelled.

### "DEEPEE"



D. P. McDONALD  
Who graduated in law in 1928, this week becomes President of the Alberta Hockey Association.

### TALBOT HAS THREE TO CHOOSE FROM

Hockey Rarin' to Go

The Varsity hockey team is gradually evolving from a nebulous cloud into a well polished machine. A little tuning here and a little oil there, and the Varsity squad will be ready to take to the ice in Vegreville, Nov. 28.

Three lines have been practicing together under the eagle eye of Coach Jack Talbot. In the opinion of Talbot and Manager Bill Moodie, there is no reason why this year's squad should not end up near the top of the four-cornered league with Vegreville, Wetaskiwin and Camrose.

In goal we have the two Macs—McClintock and McLaren. The former played goal with the Edmonton Poolers a few years back, while the latter was last year's Med goalie in the interfac league. According to Manager Moodie, if the defence and forwards give them a reasonable amount of support Varsity will go to town. They have been really keeping their nets free from dents during practice and will be hard to beat.

The defence is the same old rock of disaster for opposing forwards—Bill Stark and Bob Zender. It is not certain if Coach Talbot will play. Chambers and Haddad are two more exponents of the fine art of stopping forwards with the least amount of delay, who are showing up well.

Dunlap, Sharpe and M. Dewis have been practicing on one line, while Scott, Woywitka and Cruikshank have teamed up on another. Of these, all are veterans of Varsity

### Whit Matthews In New Office Prexy Alberta Rugby Union

PROFESSOR MATTHEWS ALWAYS ACTIVE IN SPORT

Prof. A. W. "Whit" Matthews, of the Department of Pharmacy, was Tuesday elected president of the Alberta Rugby Union at the close of a lengthy annual meeting held in Edmonton.

This honor was not entirely unforeseen. The popular "Whit" has always been keenly interested in sport. Just this fall he was appointed secretary-treasurer of the W.C.I.A.U. His golfing activities have won him a place on the Alberta team travelling east for the Dominion finals in each of the last two years.

The annual meeting of the Union, of which the Bears are perforce a member team, elected L. Price, of Calgary, first vice-president, and

made Dr. W. B. Broadfoot and Vere Carmichael second vice-presidents.

The possibility of Edmonton entering the Western Canada Rugby conference next year was discussed and delegates voted to abolish the point system used this year by the Bronks, Regina and Winnipeg. It was decided, as well, to suggest to the Western Canada Rugby Union that the number of players permitted to travel in a playoff series

be raised from 20 to 25, with 24 eligible to play.

At the same time as the Alberta Union was meeting in Edmonton, the Western Canada Interprovincial Rugby Union met in Calgary. Principal items on the agenda were proposed changes in the rules regarding kicks to the deadline and forward passes. This fall the Western Canadian teams for the first time used the same rules as those followed in the east. It is proposed next season to allow forwards to be thrown from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage. Interference will have its zone extended to five yards for the attacking team.

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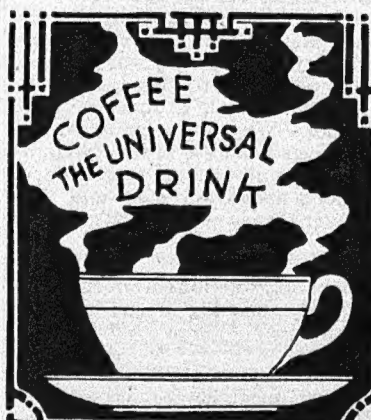
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### NOTICES

The final game for interfaculty rugby championship will be held Saturday at the grid, at 1:30. The contest is between the Engineers and Arts-Ag-Com-Law.

The Pharm-Dent interfac basketball entry holds its last practice before games start on the 17th, in the gym on Monday at 5:00 p.m.

R. GAUNCE.

Schedule of interfaculty hockey will be issued within the next day or so. Contrary to the opinion previously expressed, the opening game will not be until Dec. 2. Tuesday's Gateway will carry the schedule.

## SPORTS SHORTS

By Bob Lee

Sport has reached the in-between season. Rugby, although threatening to break out anew in an often-postponed interfaculty final Saturday, is definitely passé. Interfac basketball starts its league on the 17th, and senior hockey on the 28th at Vegreville and at home on the 30th.

The hockey squad has already, after but two practices, been pruned down from an unruly 40 to a modest 18. Practically the entire slate of last year's six will again see action. Tallman in goal is practically the only notable absentee. Two capable newcomers are in there battling for his position—McLaren and McClintock.

As our colleague of the Tuesday edition so admirably stated, "Honor is avenged—college spirit is not dead." We cannot help but pan the lack of foresight and utter oblivion with which the Huskies got off the train to enter the station for a bite to eat. The crowd from U.A. immediately ganged the car. Several ineffectual attempts on the part of the tourists to regain its interior were turned back at the expense of blackened eyes and crimsoned noses.

The visiting squad took their defeat (or was it annihilation?) in good faith, but with numerous misgivings. One of them, "Pud" Morrison, was said to have remarked, "After we carried them posts all the way out there and all the way back, you guys had to go and do this," followed by, "There ain't no justice!"

One violent demonstrator in front of the Rialto theatre, where a meeting of the Alberta Relief Commission was in progress, had Communistic leanings. He attempted to make himself heard above the hubbub and show the students the evil of their ways, but his most vigorous efforts only brought a chorus of boos.

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